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THE THINKER.

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

—Berton Braley.

Pacific Theological Seminary Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

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WANTED—A DREAMY DANCER FOR A HUSBAND.

The declaration of a young woman student at the University of Minnesota that she would marry only a man who was "a dreamy dancer"—and of the large majority that their future husbands must be good dancers—brings to mind the book written several years ago by Clara E. Laughlin, entitled "The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal".

The girl in the book, or the woman who grew out of the girl, tells us that she once swore that she would love only a big man, "a mightye man of valor," like Guy of Warwick, one strong to defend and sturdy to lean upon; but that as it turned out she now loves only the weakest of men, the frailest, the neediest of care and devotion and love's patience.

"I used to hope that he would come for me in a fine coach with prancing, dashing horses, and take me to festivities, all in a flutter of excitement, but when he comes he gets wearily off a jangling cable car, and instead of whisking me off to ball or theater, he puts his head down on my shoulder and says, 'I am so tired', I used to think in all my moments of anguish that some day I should have a broad bosom to creep to and there weep out all my heart's bitterness, but it is never so with me. If I am sad he is always sadder and must needs be comforted."

The woman of this book tells of giving up one after another of her cherished hopes; and finally, having dumped into one balance all the things wherein love as her husband brings it to her differs from love as she once yearned after it, and into the other balance all that he is to her that she cannot analyze, or describe, or dispense with, she finds that these latter far out-weigh all the other.

And so at last central in her house of dreams is a large upper chamber, "with windows opening toward Jerusalem," made beautiful with Love; and there, when all things and all men have tired them and they are sore beset and weary, they come together—all the world outside—and whether their hearts be sad or lightsome stand face to face in the quiet, look into each other's eyes and laugh and sob and say "Yet Love remaineth!"

All those Minnesota girls who have stated so explicitly just what their future husbands must be, must have and must not have, whether money, or smoking caps, or cigarette cases, will find themselves finally to have grown away from many of their ideals. "The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment." The woman of our book tells her experience: "I used, as a little girl, to look forward with a chill agony of foreboding to the inevitable days when I should be 'too big' to play with dolls. I felt sure that when such a time came to me I should want to die; life would hold no further incentives to go on living. I really suffered in this anticipation, imagining that some day, in the full flush of my passionate love for my dolls, someone would come to me and make me put my treasures away from me forever, and my heart would surely break in one great ache of agony. But I can't even remember how or when I stopped playing with dolls. My interest in them, my passion for them, their power to absorb and satisfy me, faded so gradually, so gently, into other interests, other passions, that there was no wrench in the transition; it was evolution, and as quiet as the growth of grass, the unfolding of buds, as the creeping of time."

This Minnesota girl who wants "a dreamy dancer" for a husband is about as advanced in ideas of marriage as the girl of our book was when at the age of ten she went to housekeeping with a boy in a large empty packing-case in his backyard—being much more in love with the packing-case, she concluded later, than with the boy. A year or so afterward she greatly adored a nice quiet little fellow who sat next to her in school and planned secretly—never telling the boy—to buy a beautiful park just across the street from the school, build a high stone wall around it, a fine house in the center, and she and the boy live there, pick flowers by the bushel and ride in the swan-boats on the lake a great deal of the time. This dream of wedded bliss engrossed her for two years when in some way it dawned on her that the park was not for sale, and love and all went glimmering.

When we remember the girl of this book and others like her we do not despair of the Minnesota girl whose high ideal now is "a dreamy dancer." We suggest that she tell the world ten or twenty years from now what her ideal as to husbands then is.

A beautifully bound copy of the Bible was presented to Yuan Shi Kai last year. He said he had no time to read it and gave it to his son. Not long ago he directed one of his councilors to go through the Ancient Sages and make selections for him for daily reading. This suggested to the Rev. E. W. Thwing, Oriental Secretary of the International Reform Bureau, the idea of making for him some selections from the Bible. These were sent to Yuan Shi Kai with words as follows: "As your excellency is now reading selections from the wisdom of the ancient sages, I ask that you may also read some selections from the Save-the World Classic. This book has been known and read by great men in all ages. President Wilson of my own country finds in this book daily guidance and help."

Writing concerning some of the things to be heard at the "University of Madison Square," in New York City, on pleasant afternoons or evenings, a contributor to the New York Christian Advocate says: "Karl Marx is the patron saint of the socialist, and Robert Ingersoll the greatest man the world ever produced. John D. Rockefeller's name is mentioned only mockingly in connection with the Colorado strike and never in connection with his marvelous medical philanthropies. Billy Sunday's name is always greeted with hilarious mirth. An untutored student wants to know why the Bible wasn't written originally in English. One man was heard to remark that no man could be a socialist and a Christian." Another said: Last night I went to church for the first time in ten years. As I was going out a gentle-

man by the door shook hands with me and said, 'We are glad to see you. Come again'. And do you know why he wanted me to come again? So he could get another dime out of me. The hypocrite!" Another says: "I need no God to pray to. I am a god myself. If I want anything I go and get it."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University is to deliver the address when Dr. Henry Suzzalo is inaugurated as president of the University of Washington the 21st of March.

Portland people are sending letters throughout the country advertising that city and all Oregon also. One reads in part:

"For you a rose
In Portland grows."

Students of Columbia University will debate the question of National Preparedness with students of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles on the 14th of April. The Columbia team will take the negative. Governor Johnson is expected to preside at the debate.

There is now a Japanese Northfield. The buildings are along the line of the railway from Tokyo to Kyoto, in a picturesque spot. They cost $6,200, one-third of which amount was given by California people. And every year hereafter Mount Fujii, the Shinto goddess will look down on a Christian conference held in buildings nestling among the hills at her base.

The Post-Intelligencer reports the Rev. Hugh G. Ross, pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle as saying at the close of the first year of his pastorate: "I like the people, the city, and the church." Mr. Ross says that he intends to make a special effort to get the people living down town, in the vicinity of Plymouth Church, to come to the evening services. He says that in South Africa the evening is the most popular time for attending church.

In a report submitted last week to the congressional committee on military affairs by an officer of the coast artillery service it was stated that the coast fortifications of the United States are 52 per cent short of the total forces needed to man them under the war department defense plans. The companies required on the Pacific Coast were 206. The number now on duty is 97. Puget Sound requires 19. There are only 13. San Francisco has 17, but requires 18. Los Angeles requires 4, but has none. San Diego requires 4; has 2. Columbia River requires 7, but has only 3.

An article in The Pacific last week set forth religious conditions in Latin America. The Bishop of Argentina holds the Catholic Church largely responsible, stating: "There is no Christian nor partially Christian public opinion. Integrity and clean living are not expected. Honor and truth are exceptional. There is a general lax attitude of tolerance toward everything, including vice.... Among the mass of the educated men faith is dead. Religion is a matter of custom, not conviction. The tone of the universities, which of course include all the leading and professional men of the future, is frankly unchristian. It causes astonishment if any educated man is a believer!

The Rev. M. G. Papazian, pastor of the Pilgrim Armenian Congregational Church of Fresno, has published in the Armenian language a volume of sermons which were preached by him during his ministry in New York City. The first chapter, which is in English, is a memorial address, in memory of the Martyrs of Cilicia in 1909. Of these martyrs Mr. Papazian says: "They were a select company of souls endowed with the highest learning obtainable in the land of their nativity, with the gifts and graces of the Spirit which made them the salt of the earth. In large city as well as in obscure village, in the pulpit and in the quiet walks of life the message was delivered and the ministration was offered unobtrusively, unheralded and unrewarded by men. They lived unto God." This address was given at the annual meeting of the American Board at Minneapolis and was published in pamphlet form by the Board, and was characterized as "noble both in its expression and restraint." The closing words were: "As friends of the crowned martyrs and servants of the Lord Jesus, it behooves us in the stillness of this solemn moment humbly and prayerfully to resolve that, God willing, we will offer the Gospel of Love to that race and religion which burned the churches and slew the prophets of Cilicia."

The United States government plans for the carrying of mail in Alaska by aeroplane instead of by dog trains. Bids have been asked for from Valdez to Fairbanks; Seward to Idatorod; from Idatorod to Nome; from Seward to Anchorage, etc. "Mail carrying by aeroplane in Alaska is quite feasible," says Henry Woodhouse, Governor of the Aero Club of America, "and would be quickly established if it were not so far from the aviation centres, and the aeroplane manufacturers were not so busy that they must keep all their trained aviators at the factories, testing and inspecting machines which are being shipped to Europe at the rate of sixteen a day. Compared with an aeroplane, the dog team used to carry mail at present is absurdly primitive. The aeroplane can in three hours carry the mail to places where dog teams would take ten to fiffteen days to reach. The flying machine promises to be one of the most potential factors in the future development of Alaska. The time required to reach different points in Alaska from Seattle at present and the advantage to be gained with aeroplanes have been carefully investigated, with the interesting result that, if flying machines were substituted between Seattle and Nome for the all-sea route, via Cordova and Fairbanks, instead of forty days in Winter now demanded, the aeroplane would make it in 5 days 5½ hours. In Summer, with no changes, the present time between these points is 8 days. From Seattle to Dawson, via Skagway, consumes under the present system 10 days in Winter and 9 days in Summer, making two changes. The aeroplane could perform the service in 4 days 9½ hours."

PEACE.

Heart goodness shows itself in self-restraint,
In acts of peace and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be,
Corruption's splendor hath no vital power.
Content in sin shows apathy, not peace.

All things that speak of heaven speak peace.
Peace hath more might than war. High brows are calm.
The host of stars is still. Their silence weighs
More mightily with the mind than though they spake
Thousand-tongued, musically; and truths like suns
Stir not; though systems round them come and go.

—Philip James Bailey.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Raymond Robins is making a national college tour. One of his addresses is on the topic: "The Challenge of the Changing Social order."

Evangelist Scoville of the Disciple Church had more than 3000 conversions in evangelistic services of three weeks' duration at Emporia, Kansas.

The Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, of Union Theological Seminary, has declined for the second time a call to succeed R. J. Campbell at the City Temple, London.

"The Religious Trend of the World," is a theme on which Professor Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary is giving a series of addresses this week at Depauw University.

A missionary in China writes: "I am not discouraged. I believe Christ must triumph in China. But I believe neither the church nor any of us here has measured the strength of the enemy."

In the B. Fay Mills evangelistic meetings in the Collingwood Avenue Presbyterian Churth in Toledo, Ohio, several hundred persons declared their intention of beginning the Christian life.

The Catholic Converts League of Denver is about to start a campaign for the bringing of one person into the church by each member of the league. Lectures will be given explaining Catholicism to non-Catholics.

In the interests of Christian union the Christian Century, of Chicago, advises the members of the "Christian" Church to study once more the matter of immersion to see if they cannot find less necessity for it than they have thought heretofore.

Five men who were members of a gang of anarchists were converted last year in the evangelistic tent and open-air meetings conduted oy the Evangelistic Committee of New York City. They are working church members now, and the organization of which they were members has disbanded.

Victor, one of the Colorado mining towns, is experiencing good results from prohibition. One mine that had only sixteen workmen present out of forty-nine the day after December's pay day had its full force of men after January's pay day. In January 150 new bank accounts were opened. All buildings formerly occupied by saloons are used now for other purposes.

The churches of Indianapolis have been having each year for several years a "Church Membership Day". More than 3,000 accessions to membership are reported for this year. The first year the number was 3,500. The second year it was 7,000. The work has been carried on somewhat as follows: In the fall a religious census of the city was taken and each church put in touch with the constituency of its parish. This has been followed by the training school in evangelism. The city was divided into seventeen districts, and in each of these districts for a month laymen have been trained in the art of soul-winning. Five thousand laymen took this work the first year. The month of January has been used for meetings in all the local co-operating churches, each church following its own method.

In one his recent meetings Billy Sunday said: "I seldom get to a town that I am not asked why I won't preach a sermon against the Catholics, and I always tell them I have too much dirt and rotteness in my own back yards. It keeps me busy too. I never preach a sermon against the Catholic Church because there is good in the Catholic Church as well as in the Protestant, and there are as big hypocrites in the Catholic Church as there are elsewhere. If you want to join the Catholic Church, join it; I'll help you do it if I can. Some of you people have not been to confession in years; so long that you have forgotten what the priest looks like and what questions to ask. I don't want to make a bum Protestant out of a good Catholic, or a bum Catholic out of a good Protestant."

It is rather startling to find the Vice President of the United States writing in an article in The Independent: "No one can convince me that the awful cataclysm in Europe has not swept aside all that we have known as safe and sure charts on the sea of life. I think it is necessary for some new Columbus to discover again a new America; and I do believe that there must exist today some new Columbus who will discover an America not bound by the selfish interests of the past, but bound by the commonwealth of the Americas." Mr. Marshall is of opinion that vision is greatly needed and that the pioneer and the pathfinder will be as necessary in the future as they have been in the past. "Men walk oftentimes when they stand still, and they go farther in dreams than in thoughts or deeds. The mission of the Republic is vain if it be not to bring the blind by a way they know not, to lead them in paths that they have not known, to make darkness light before them and crooked things straight." It is noteworthy that the Vice-President says as to the direct primary that it "has disclosed that the citizen is not deeply concerned about public affairs, and that conditions will have to grow far worse before we can hope for them to get much better." A further thought is that the rule of the people does not depend, so much upon the system of government as it does upon the inner life of the individual citizen. . . Opportunity has been given us durring the last three or four years to agonize over conditions and correct them; revealing to us what we should have known all along, what indeed we had known, but had been allowed to forget—that this is a government not of stocks and bonds and mortgages, not of factories and mines, but a government of men—men who will neglect the common good in looking after their own welfare, unless they are touched with the weight of that responsibility which rests upon them as individual citizens."

CHILDHOOD.

Fair as a star, rare as a star,
The joys of the future lie
To the eyes of a child, to the sighs of a child,
Heavenly far and high!

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream,
The hopes of a future sure
To the wondering child, to the blundering child,
Trusting and free and pure.

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
Who has kept, after youth is past,
All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,
Holding his faith at last!

—Gelett Burgess.

"THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL."

A New Book Dealing with the Question of Immortality.

"The Shadow on the Dial" is a story by Orton H. Carmichael, which impresses one as he reads it as not at all a story, but as a chronicle of experience. A young woman whose graceful life had touched the love depths of a young doctor's heart passes into the beyond, and to him then comes the question: "Was her personality but a bubble on the surface of the sea, catching in its filmy fragileness the iridiscent tints of the summer's sky until we thought of her as a separate entity, but only after all a bubble that the winds broke and it sank again into the bosom of that waste of water from which it momentarily and vainly lifted itself? Was it but a ripple catching from a new angle the sunlight that caused it to so glow that to our deluded eyes it assumed a form unto itself, but only a ripple to sink back again into the current that runs forever?"

There was a time when to the young man this theory was as beautiful as it was plausible, but in the rough experience of life it had been bent and broken. And so we find him sitting under the star-filled sky and wondering where in the great universe she was who had been suddenly taken from him. "On what gravelly beach did the keel of her boat touch after its long voyage; and what landscape now stretched before her searching gaze; . . . . what flowers bloomed by her path in the morning and what bird song did she hear at evening? Does the Great Dipper swing up in the north in her sky tonight, and the Pleiades gleam softly there in the south? Or has she so out-flown our night that other constellations flame in her sky? Has she passed to such strange and distant realms of life that thither even imagination cannot wing its flight?"

The thoughts of the young man turn to evolution, the theory of which has familiarized us with the process of slow growth from stage to stage through imperceptible degrees of change, the things of today differing from the things of yesterday as the growing oak this week differs from itself of a week ago. But notwithstanding the broad working of this law he sees that nature is full of sudden and startling changes where resultant forms bear no resemblance to their immediate antecedents.

"In the chemical laboratory many substances pass instantly to forms so new that they shut all doors leading to the past and seem to spurn a place for themselves on any ancestral tree. Clay changes to sapphire and sand to opal, and soft opaque carbon becomes a transparent diamond as hard as a adamant."

And so the young man queries: "Can it be that now she spurns the past even as the tinted blossom in the sunshine spurns the buried seed from which it sprang? Has she left forever behind her earthly experience as a bird that is trying its wing in the blue has left behind the nest and the broken shell?"

At length he comes to a firm belief in the continuity and triumph of life, and rests in the thought that the radiant spirit gone from him looks both forward and backward, and that that which seemed a change to those she left behind marked no change in her.

Finally life here and life hereafter is seen by the young man to be on an ascending path. The words "At Rest," found on many a stone in the cemeteries suggest thoughts out of harmony with the universe as he knows it. "There is nothing in human experience to justify the idea of finality. There is nothing final in nature or in history or in personality!"

The years roll on; the doctor gives himself in beautiful service to the people among whom his lot in life had been cast, and finally we read from the last entry in his journal:

"The great sea is still uncharted and mystery hangs low over its shoreless waters, yet the mist-banks that enshroud are touched with a faint pink glow where a dawn burns far beyond them. I cannot picture to myself the great future in conventional colors; I cannot think of its conditions in the terms of conventional description. I do not and could not entertain with any thrill of pleasure the thought of walking for aeons the streets of a city, even though the streets were paved with gold and the city had walls of jasper and gates of pearl. I should grow weary of endless worship however grand the music and however beautiful the temple. I should not want to idly loiter for an eternity on a beach even of a crystal sea. What can be accurately defined does not challenge the imagination nor meet even half way the great hungers of the heart. Uplift and inspiration come from truths whose ultimate borders and significance reach beyond our mental horizon. There is more to stir the heart in the Alps looming up in confused masses of inaccessible cloud-wrapped and snow-covered heights that shoulder up the sky than there is in a hill to the top of which we can climb and whose dimensions the surveyor's chain can exactly determine."

"There are truths of the heart which no brain-spun web of phrases can enmesh; there are swift-winged suggestions that elude the snare of words. A future that is large enough to meet all of the heart's deep hungers is too large to be encompassed by the symbols of human speech. I shall see again a fair and beautiful face; I shall hear again the rippling laughter of a happy heart—and with God be all the rest!"

The Abingdon Press, New York; $1.00 Net.

PROFESSOR STEINER OF GRINNELL COLLEGE ADDRESSES THE LEAGUE FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

In an address given last week in New York City under the auspices of the League for Political Education, Professor Steiner of Grinnell College defended the eleven million German-Americans, whom he declared with only a few exceptions had not violated the laws of our country, and were thoroughly loyal to it.

As to the war Professor Steiner said: "I have nothing but loathing for this foul and unthinkable war, for I have watched the dastardly and damnable process. A generation of men was begotten and trained to be fodder for cannon and to walk joyously into the hell of war. They had aroused in them the very noblest emotion of which the human heart is capable, and then it was poisoned by hate, to be used for purposes of human slaughter.

"I refuse to be patriotic in the European sense, which means to believe everything bad about other nations and nothing but good about your own. If to be an American, a real American, and a patriot, is merely that same thing, then frankly I am neither an American nor a patriot, for in America I have been emanicipated from the patriotism of hate. I have found that here men work together harmoniously for the common good and the glory of a great country. This fact and the faith into which I was born again in this country, a faith which has neither poltical nor racial

boundary, and whose Founder called Himself the Son of Man, have made me an American, which is, or ought to be, something radically different from being a European.

"I must confess, though, that it is not easy to keep faith in America these days, when it seems at times that we are not a bit better than the country from which I have alienated myself. The reading of the metropolitan press and the weak echoes of the press of the country have often caused my faith to waver. It has seemed to me that a war broth was being brewed in editorial sanctums, and poured down the throats of the public—a hellish broth compounded of greed, political opportunity, and prejudice. The noteworthy exceptions merely prove the rule.

"I am not speaking merely of the papers printed in English. The German press, with a few exceptions, has been just as bad, just as un-American.

Professor Steiner said that he hated war with a bitter hatred, but that if war did come to America he would be found "somewhere in the front line" fighting for the ideals of the United States.

"I am sure of myself under any circumstances," he exclaimed. "But I am not so sure of the millions of other 'hyphenated Americans,' if we question their loyalty and suspect their motives merely because, in this desperate struggle their sympathies are with the mother country rather than with its enemies."

The speaker then asked what should be done with these millions of "hyphenated Americans" to insure their remaining true Americans; and after criticising as capable of more harm than good Colonel Roosevelt's alleged saying "To hell with the hyphen," and after detailing the ways and means by which foreigners in America were and were not properly led into Americans, he summed up his opinion by saying:

"The only way I know for making Americans of them all, of making them members of a free commonwealth, is by treating them like human beings. Treat them as you would a child born late into your own family, as one of you, have confidence in them, even in these days when their loyalty is wavering, and when, in their confusion, they do not know where to turn."

AN EFFORT TO SAVE THE HAWAIIAN.

John W. Wadman, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Hawaii

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate for the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Hawaii which is a territory of the United States. There are upwards of 130 liquor establishments on the islands and the drink bill amounts to $3,570,000 per annum. A local brewery located in Honolulu does a flourishing business. There are several distilleries including one or two big sake stills owned and operated by Japanese. Cargoes of whiskey, brandy, wine, "dagored!" and "square-face" gin are being shipped in from abroad. This "dago-red" is "rectified" California wine and is sold over the islands for 60 cents a gallon. It is a deadly poison. It is the cause of crime, suffering and death. The Hawaiian race is doomed. Out of a population of 200,000 a few years ago, not more than 25,000 pure natives remain. The death rate is shocking. The leading white residents of the islands, born and bred and doing business there, have gone upon record again and again as to these facts. Appeal after appeal has been made to Congress for help.

The local legislature, composed of a mixed class of citizens with the Hawaiian or half-Hawaiian in the majority, is held in the grip of the liquor interests, a well organized politico-commercial group of unscrupulous men ready to use any means, foul or fair, to accomplish this sordid purpose, though it may mean the decay and death of a noble race, such as the Hawaiians naturally are.

In the years of their independence as an island kingdom, under the Kamehamehas, they fought the liquor traffic tooth and nail. They were the first brave people to enact and enforce a law of prohibition. This occurred nearly one hundred years ago. In later years, the French became furious because these liquor laws prohibited the landing and selling of French brandies and wines. Once they sent a man-of-war and landed an armed force, but Kamehameha held out stubbornly, stating: "I will not repeal the law. It would mean the death knell of my people." He appealed to the United States and Daniel Webster, the then Secretary of State, sent a warning letter both to England and France. It was indeed a pathetic struggle.

At the time of the annexation of the islands to the United States, the people requested that the Organic Act should include Federal prohibition of the traffic. Congress granted the request. The liquor traffic is prohibited in the Organ Act, but the Committee of Reference to whom the bill was referred, added a clause referring the control of the traffic to the local government for such adjustment as it would find wise to make, and this added provision or exception has been the cause of the death of countless numbers of the great Kamehameha race—a race not sufficiently strong to resist the vices of a modern civilization, especially the lure of alcohol.

But not only is the appeal made to the Federal authorities on account of the Hawaiians, but for the sake of the many thousands of American soldiers of the army and navy garrisoned on the islands. Far from home, in a tropical clime, amid weak restraints and many temptations, often homesick, obliged to stay whether they like the place or not, it can be easily seen why it is that so many of these fine young fellows, well bred and well taught, succumb to the drink habit and fall to still worse forms of evil. There are over fifty liquor licensed places in and about Honolulu. There is also a flourishing red-light district. The Hawaiian girl, not naturally immoral, but easily led astray, is a too-ready prey to designing men. Booze and the social vice go hand in hand.

On January 14, last, our national honor was besmirched and the flag disgraced when a large number of men of the Ninth Cavalry (colored), enroute from the Philippines on the Transport Sheridan, while in port at Honolulu, went in a body, well intoxicated, to this red-light district, called Iwilei, and converted the place into a "veritable saturnalia of lust, license and drunkenness" as so stated by the daily press of Honolulu. The riot lasted for hours. The native police were powerless. An appeal was made to the military authorities, and Company K of the Second Infantry (white) was sent to restore order. The district was surrounded by these soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles. Martial law was proclaimed. It took the rest of the night to arrest the drunken soldiers and send them back to the Sheridan, not, however, until the redlight district has become a dilapidated ruin—windows smashed, doors battered down, furniture demolished, the inmates cuffed, kicked and beaten beyond identification and with their clothes stripped from their backs were driven into the dark streets crying and

yelling with fear and pain. And why? The papers stated that the white women, of whom there is a large number, refused to yield to the demands of the drunken negro soldiers. Nevertheless, the disgrace of the incident remains while the Honolulu daily papers editorially referred to the shocking event as one largely caused by the booze which these men imbibed in visiting the saloons on their way to Iwilei. The question then may well be asked, will the American people stand for such a condition of things as makes possible disgraces of this kind?

The bill referred to is now pending in the Senate. It has also been introduced to the House. It is known that the Federal law-makers hesitate to legislate for Hawaii in this matter claiming that they do not wish to interfere with local self-government. This is the appeal of the liquor interests. They can well afford to take such a stand with their strong grip upon the local powers. And they may win, and that means the sacrifice of the remnant of the Hawaiian race, the terrible exposure of our boys in khaki to the drink evil, the liability of other such scenes as occurred in January last, with our flag disgraced in the eyes of many other peoples gathered upon the shores of this island territory, and it means also the continuance of a bold, dominant evil which the Organic Act never intended should exist.

Three thousand petitions have been forwarded to Washington signed by all classes residing in Hawaii, praying for the passage of the bill. All missionaries, pastors, Christian workers, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. forces, as well as all the leading prominent white residents, with very few exceptions, indeed, join in this prayer. The daily press of Hawaii favors it. So do the Board of Health, the Board of Education, the Social Science Club, the Civil Federation, as well as all the good women of all nationalities.

THE MEANING OF LOVE.

Flush of dawn in a dull gray sky;
Blaze of noon when the sun rides high;
Mystic calm of a tropic night;
Lambent glow of the northern light;
Blossoming flower and budding tree—
These are the things love means to me.

Sound of bells on a Sabbath morn;
Mother's croon to the newly born;
Children's laughter and song of bird;
Maiden vow at the altar heard;
Loud heart-throbs of a slave set free—
These are the things love means to me.

Helping hand in an hour of need;
Tender word and a kindly deed;
Mind that harbors no evil thought;
Honor that pays, but cannot be bought;
Faith that bides through eternity—
These are the things love means to me.

Calvary's cross and a thorny crown;
Battles fought and a foe cast down;
Paths traced out where no way appears;
Rainbows glimpsed through a vale of tears;
Haven of rest on a stormy sea—
These are the things love means to me!

—Anna Blake Mezquida in Munsey.

POMONA COLLEGE A CHARACTER FACTORY.

Splendid Spirit of Faculty Reflected in Students.

Students in Pomona College are enjoying the first series of lectures under the Bishop Joseph H. Johnson foundation, made possible by the gift of $25,000 from Miss Ellen Scripps of La Jolla. Professor John Bates Clark of Columbia University, the dinstinguished specialist on economics, is the lecturer and his addresses are attracting a good deal of attention, not only in the college, but among outside organizations. This evening he will address the Twilight Club at Pasadena. Dealing with the general subject of wages, his lectures involve a discussion of such vital topics as immigration, trades unions, the oriental awakening, the effect of the present war, and a wide range of live questions of keen interest to the student of economics.

When Andrew Carnegie was looking about for the most distinguished specialist on international economics, he selected Prof. Clark. For more than a score of years he has been connected with Columbia, but now he is in such demand all over the country that he will deliver but few lectures there. As a matter of fact, he will this year be heard more at Pomona College than at the great university in New York. Professor Clark is a member of the League to enforce peace of which ex-president Wm. H. Taft is president. This League was inaugurated, it will be remembered, by some of the most distinguished men of the country, and contemplates a government in the interests of world peace to be considered by the nations at the close of the present European conflict. On March 14th, Professor Clark will deliver a lecture on the League. Professor Willis Allen Parker, who occupies the chair of Philosophy at Pomona College, has been appointed the official representative of the League for Southern California and will speak in several educational institutions and important public centers on the subject.

Splendid Spirit Of Students.

On a recent visit to Pomona College I was particularly impressed by the splendid spirit of the place. You are bound to feel it the moment you enter the gates—that fine atmosphere of noblesse oblige which seems to envelop the whole community and fairly radiates from campus and class room. You wonder if this high mental, moral and intellectual tone catches its inspiration from the majesty of the mountains nearby—from old Baldy's lofty, snow-covered peaks lifting to the sky, or from the still, soothing solitude of the sage-brush plains between the campus and the foothills? But you immediately find, as you go about to class room, and chapel, and residence halls, and athletic fields, that there is something deeper and more impressive than mere material surroundings that is molding and shaping the life of Pomona students. There is a distinct air of courtesy and kindliness that marks the conduct of this body of more than 500 young people that is perhaps best expressed in the words of President Blaisdell in a chapel talk I heard him give, the keynote of which lay in the phrase "What Can I Do For You?" That seems to be the kind of spirit that rules Pomona College.

To illustrate: I happened in at one of the class rooms when the lesson was in progress. I quietly dropped down in the first vacant chair I came to. In a moment, the young fellow sitting next, scribbled on a leaf of his note-book: "This is the class in elementary law; we are now discussing" so-and-so, and passed it to me. I was thus immediately put "next" to the topic in hand—quietly, courteously, and

with the air that it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

Again, I was crossing the campus and met two charming young co-eds.To further test this spirit of helpfulness I paused and purposely asked a question that involved some little trouble on their part. With an eagerness that was as keen as it was kindly, the girls went out of their way to give me the desired information.

At a meeting of the student body that afternoon when fifty volunteers workers were called for to assist the citizens of Claremont and Pomona in building some sort of breast works to prevent a recurrence of flood waters that recently wrought havoc there, one hundred student athletes hastened to volunteer their services—twice the number asked for—and there was a friendly rivalry among them for the privilege of putting in a mighty hard days' work for the benefit of the community. In accordance with the spirit of that body of soldiers of whom we have all read—the whole regiment moved forward in answer to the call each keeping step with the other.

I heard the same note sounded in another class room at Pomona when the professor in charge quoted to the large body of students who sat under his teaching, those words of William James that the world is in the making and you—with special emphasis on the pronoun—are the person on whom the universe depends, for the whole world is made up of the "yous" and "mes." Isn't that a fine philosophy? And then this wise professor punctuated the point with a flash of humor to make it burn deeper, quoting the question of a pessimist: "Is Life worth living?" with the answer: "That depends upon the liver."

And so you gradually come to understand that it is not entirely the influence of the lofty mountains, or of any earthly, materialistic thing that leads these young people into these pleasant paths of courtesy and kindness that make for fine living, but rather is it the strong, personal influence that permeates the place and radiates from president and faculty, and you are not at all surprised at the attitude of a certain man of letters in New York who has sent his son to Pomona College in preference to the great eastern universities on account of this splendid training in those noble qualities that make for manliness and great ideals. This whole lofty sentiment is best expressed in the words of Dr. James A. Blaisdell, president of Pomona College: "No ideal college can live to itself. It exists to multiply itself in other parts of the world—to send out graduates specifically directed to become the founders and friends of like institutions elsewhere." There you have it in a nutshell.

Distinguished Entomologists Visit College.

Among the distinguish guests who have recently registered at Claremont Inn, that hostelry within the college campus where men and women prominent in literary and educational life the country over foregather, are John H. Comstock, professor of entomology at Cornell University, and his no less gifted wife, Anna Botsford Comstock, who is known as the 'mother of nature study'. Mrs. Comstock is a clever artist as well as entomologist and has profusely illustrated her husband's books on insect life. She told me years ago that she had learned the art of wood engraving for this purpose, finding that the more delicate work could be done by this means. As authorities on insects—their domestic economy, social instincts, their homes and their habits—the Comstocks stand at the head.

Of other interesting departments of the college I shall have something to say in a future letter believing that not only parents of the 550 or more students there, but readers of The Pacific in general will be interested to know somewhat in detail, of the activities of this institution of which Californians in general and Congregationalists in particular, are justly proud.

SIDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, Feb. 29th.

WORLD-WIDE SUNDAY-SCHOOL NEWS.

Russian Empress Grateful for Testaments.

A recent cablegram from Petrograd to the Associated Press states that the Empress of Russia has sent a letter to John Kilburn, Secretary of the National Bible Society expressing thanks on behalf of Grand Duke Alexis, the nine-year-old heir apparent to the Russian throne, for a number of Testaments given by American Sunday-school children to the Russian soldiers. The letter was prompted by a recent installment of 8,000 Testaments which, it says, will be sent to the army by the Empress's own supply train, in the name of the young Grand Duke; 33,000 Testaments have already been distributed among the Russian soldiers.

Why the Japanese Welcome the Sunday School.

One of the movements fostered by the World's Sunday School Association is a campaign in one hundred of the cities of Japan, to arouse pastors and Sunday-school teachers to the importance of religious education. The Secretary of the National Sunday School Association of Japan, Rev. H. Kawasumi, reports a visitation of sixteen cities in the month of November as a part of this program. In the town of Tsu they found an Episcopal minister who had five hundred students enrolled in his Sunday-school, as the result of three years' work. The Chief of Police told this minister that they had had many criminal children in Tsu, but the number had greatly decreased since the Sunday-school had been started.

The reason for the great interest in the Sunday-school, which is felt in Japan, is found in a significant statement made by Baron Shibusawa during his recent tour of America. The Baron said that for many years he had had a longing in his hert for something that would build up the moral character of the Japanese youth — a "Something" which seemed to be lacking; and that, as he had gone about through the land, he suddenly realized that the Sunday-schools in Japan were securing exactly the results he had had in mind. "If this is what the Sunday-school can accomplish," he said, "we will welcome the next World's Sunday School Convention to Tokyo."

A Glimpse of the Moslem Sunday-School Work.

Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, Secretary for Sunday-school work among Moslems, under the World's Sunday School Association, gives an interesting account of a Sunday afternoon spent in a crowded tenement district of Cairo:

"Last Sunday I went with Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer to the new Sunday-school which they began this autumn in Mahmasha, a crowded Cairo tenement district, entirely Mohammedan. A very small room has been rented and is used for a day school during the week and as a Sunday-school on Sundays. After the Sunday-school, Dr. Zwemer preached a brief sermon in the simplest and yet in the most forceful way. Men kept coming in during the service until the little room was crowded to overflowing. I think about ninety were present. They were simply spell-bound listening to Dr. Zwemer's appeal.

"After this we went to the Government elementary school in that neighborhood and the principal and teachers were most hospitable, taking us to see every class. The principal, teachers and scholars were, without exception, Mohammedans. I showed the principal a copy of the "Boy's Life of David Livingstone" and he looked it over with interest. I asked if we might give copies to all the pupils and he said there was no objection whatever, so we made a gneral distribution and the boys were very keen to receive the copies. It seemed wonderful that we were allowed such freedom.

"As we passed down the street afterward, a Moslem coffee-shop keeper who had been present at Dr. Zwemer's preaching in the little school-room, called us in and invited us to drink a cup of coffee. A crowd of men gathered around in the shop and Dr. Zwemer gave them a great many good things to think about, illustrating from his travels in Arabia and talking in the most frank and friendly manner with them all."

THE SERMON REFERENDUM AT PALO ALTO.

Several weeks ago it was stated in The Pacific that the Rev. B. C. Preston, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Palo Alto, had sent out to five hundred men and three hundred women a list of sermon topics, asking them to indicate which they thought would be the most helpful and interesting if handled with a fair degree of intellectual alertness. The statement in connection was that the ten receiving the highest marking would be taken for Sunday evening topics during the next few months. The cards sent out were so arranged as to make it possible for Mr. Preston to know from whom the replies came even though no names were signed. The returns are interesting and suggestive.

"Are the Objections to Worldly Amusements Reasonable?" was the subject that received the highest marking from students, business men, and some classes of professional men.

The second subject in the marking ranks high in all classes. This subject is entitled "The Good in Bad People, and the Bad in Good People." The third subject, "Wanted? A More Powerful Navy and a Larger Army! By Whom?" received a high rank in all classes. It was next to the leader among the craftsmen who placed "Jesus, the Carpenter, the First Century Socialist" in the first position.

"Are secret Societies a Blessing or a Curse" ranks fourth in the general list, and just about maintained that position in the preferences of the different professions. The business men put this subject fifth in their choice, while the students placed it second, craftsmen third and educators almost all omitted it.

Merry Heart Best Medicine.

"The Best Medicine—a Merry Heart" comes fifth in the list. This subject led for a time among the women, but finally was tied for first place with the one on "amusements."

"The Christian Science of Prayer" was sixth. This topic leads among the physicians, and is next to the leader among the dentists. It also received a very high marking among the educators and is fairly high among the business men.

Among the "Character Sketches of Old and New Testament Saints and Sinners" two topics are tied for the seventh position. "Thomas, the Doubter, and His Present Prototype" and "Judas Iscariot—an Illustration of Spiritual Gravitation" were marked fairly high by all classes, and especially so by the lawyers and students.

Closely following these subjects were "The Narrowness of Orthodoxy," "Does the Open Shop Mean the Closed Heart?" and "Kipling—the Poet-Prophet of the Strenuous Life" and "The Creed of the Creedless." This left just outside the first ten, "The Will to Believe" and "The Eternal Question—Who Say Ye That I Am?"

Travelogues Not Popular.

Among the striking revelations of the "referendum" is the fact that the "Devotional and Doctrinal" subjects were so highly marked, receiving a more even choice than the subjects in any other division. The "Travel Topics" were nearly all passed by with the exception of "What's the Matter With Mexico?" which is No. 13 in the general choice. This would not merely indicate, but prove, that hundreds of people who deliberately express their choice of subjects prefer those with definite religious and moral import rather than "travelogues."

It is interesting to note that the subject, "Wordsworth, the Poet-Theologian," which ranked first in the choice of the teachers, received no "vote" among the craftsmen and almost none among the business men.

Professional men chose the more solid subjects, while in general the students and business men preferred those with a popular statement. The only "freak subjects" were "What Have We Learned from the McNamara and Schmidt Trials?" and "Masonry Exposed—a Sermon on Life's Foundations," and they ranked toward the bottom of the list, although each might be so treated as to prove helpful and inspiring.

More than two hundred texts were submitted, and a great number of letters were written by the people to whom the lists were sent.

Mr. Preston reports that over fifty delightfully suggestive subjects were submitted by the professors of Stanford and that some of them will be the foundation of addresses within the coming year.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The Laymen's Missionary Convention in San Francisco proved to be one of great uplift and value. There was a good attendance at all the meetings although the total registration did not reach two thousand, not going, perhaps, above 1800.

The Congregational meeting on Tuesday evening was well attended and was the finest fellowship gathering we have had for a long time. Two hundred and fifty persons partook of the dinner and listened to the inspirational addresses by Drs. McNaughton and Swartz and Superintendent Moore of Colorado.

The church having the largest attendance at the denominational meeting that evening was the First of Berkeley, 41. The North Congregational Church of Berkeley stood next with 21. The First of Oakland had 16 representatives; the Chinese of San Francisco, 14; First, 7 Richmond, 7; Mission, 7. The First of Alameda had 8. The Redwood City church sent 9; Pilgrim of Oakland, 6; Plymouth 4; Calvary 2; Boulevard 3; Olivet 2; Grace 1; Trinity1.

Bethany, San Francisco, had 4 representatives; Plymouth 2; Pilgrim 1; Bethlehem 1; Italian 2. Park Church, Berkeley, had 3. San Jose 4, Campbell 2, Cupertino 3, Fruitvale 2, Martinez 2, Mill Valley 1, Mountain View 1, Palo

Alto 2, Petaluma 1, San Mateo 2, Santa Cruz 1, Santa Rosa 1, Sebastopol 1, Suisun 2, Sunnyvale 3, Woodside 1.

There were 23 blank tickets; 20 paid at the door, and the guests numbered 17.

The Congregational rally attendance was much larger than that of any other; and we understand that the Congregtional registration at the convention was higher than that of any other denomination.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY CONVENTION RESOLUTIONS.

Adopted at Congregational Rally at the First Church, San Francisco, Feb. 22, 1916.

Inasmuch as we believe that the only way of deriving rich and abiding blessings from this convention is by uniting in prayerful endeavor to institute and carry out a thorough conservation program, we, representing the Congregational churches of the Bay cities and immediate neighborhood, resolve:

I. That we favor, and will work together in the support of an aggressive policy for the development of our Congregational churches and institutions in the Bay cities.

II. That an efficient missionary committee shall be appointed in each church, of which we suggest that the men who have been active in the promotion of the Laymen's Missionary Convention shall be members. The duty o this committee shall be to organize and maintain a program of missionary education for all sections of the church, especially among the men.

III. That we will do our utmost to secure the adoption of the Every Member Canvass in our respective churches, both as a method of church finance and as a regularly used method of social and spiritual co-operation. That we will co-operate with other churches of the Bay cities in a simultaneous canvass upon March 26th.

IV. That we suggest to all pastors present that they arrange echo meetings of the convention in their churches and that D. A. Eberly, Wallace Bradford, H. E. Casey, Rev. R. C. Brooks, D.D., and F. F. Barbour be hereby appointed a conservation committee who shall transmit these resolutions to each church and help to arrange for such meetings as will conserve the results of this convention and promote the efficiency of the local church in all lines of its activity.

V. That we heartily approve of the five year plan proposed by denominational leaders in celebration of the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims which includes the addition of 100,000 per year to our church membership in the next five years, and the raising of our entire apportionment for benevolences of $2,000,000.00.

VI. That the committee herein provided for are requested to select one layman to represent the Congregational churches of Northern California at the convention of laymen to be held in the City of Washington, D. C., April 26-30, 1916.

NATIONAL MISSIONARY CONGRESS IN CITY OF WASHINGTON.

The climax of the great campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement for 1915-16 in the interest of Home and Foreign Missions, will be the National Missionary Congress at Washington, April 26th—30th, 1916. The greatest missionary gathering since Edinburgh is anticipated by the men behind the plans. The Congress will meet in the beautiful Memorial Continental Hall. The out-standing leaders of the Christian world will appear upon the program. One hundred and fifty seats are reserved for Congregational men. Credentials may be obtained by any Congregational man who desires to attend by sending his name and $5 for registration fee to Rev. R. L. Breed, D. D., 19 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Some denominations are asking already for more than the first quota of seats. Layman, why not take your pastor and go to this Congress?

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, Park.—The Rev. Huber Burr has accepted the call from this church and has taken residence in the parish and entered on the work.

Petaluma.—The Bible School held a reception last week for the new pastor and family. Pupils, teachers and parents were in attendance. The Sunday School superintendent welcomed the pastor in behalf of the school; and Mr. Farrington responded in such a way as to win a cozy corner in all hearts.

Pomona.—On Sunday evening, February 27th, under the auspices of The Pilgrim Brotherhood, Dr. Willis A. Parker of Pomona College gave an address on "The League to Enforce Peace." This "League," the interests of which Dr. Parker is representing in this region, is an effort to combine the ideals of the pacificists with the wisdom of the preparationists, and advocates an International Court to which appeal can be made—the decision of this court to be final.

Pomona.—Pilgrim Church was greatly favored on Sunday evening, February 20th, by the presence of Dr. Robert R. Meredith, of Pasadena, now in his eightieth year, who delivered his masterly oration on "Abraham Lincoln". The entire service, wholly of a patriotic turn, was one of unusual helpfulness along the line of Christian patriotism. The audience filled the large auditorium. At the morning service on the same day the pastor, Rev. William Orr Wark, preached, with deep insight into the heart of his subject, on "Loyalty to a Day," — a Sabbath Observance sermon.

Sherman.—The Congregational church at Sherman, S. Cal., through the united efforts of the pastor, Rev. O. T. Thayer and Rev. G. Lewis, evangelist, has during the past month experienced a most blessed spiritual uplift, resulting in an awakening of the entire membership, and the conversion of many souls, both young and middle aged people, over forty joining the church recently and others still requesting prayers. Noticable among the conversions is that of an entire class of young people in the Sunday School. No one could attend such meetings, and listen to the convincing sermons, the fervent prayers and testimonies, and inspiring singing without feeling the power of the Spirit; and the indications are that in the near future many more will yet be added to the church, "of those that shall be saved." The meetings have been well attended throughout, and the writer, who (being a visitor) was privileged to enjoy but one Sabbath day service, felt it to be a real soul uplift and spiritual feast—a day never to be forgotten because of its blessedness.

Los Angeles, Park Church.—Christian Endeavor Week was entered into more heartily by the young people of this church than in most years. Following out the suggestions of their county leaders, the Endeavorers after their usual services, took charge of the Sunday evening meeting. With

the Senior president, Miss Henrietta King, in the chair, the intermediates contributed a chorus, several quoted Bible verses for the Scripture lesson, others offered a series of prayers, while three gave pointed brief talks upon the motives of the movement. Then the pastor, Rev. Chester Ferris, spoke pertinently upon "Preparedness for Life". It was an inspiring program. A large number from both societies entered cordially into the district union social held in the neighboring Bethany Presbyterian church. Then the Endeavorers, with Joseph Burgess, superintendent of the Intermediates, took charge of the Mid-week prayer and fellowship meeting. Thus the young people were given a prominent part in the activities of the church and the people were brought into closer touch with the young people's work. This church is entering heartily into the spirit of the laymen's missionary convention. A fine address was enjoyed one Sunday morning from Rev. Giles Brown of Ceylon. Rev. H. H. Wikoff was heartily received at the February meeting of the Brotherhood, the pastor preached earnestly upon the subject, and the result is the registration of a goodly number of the men for the Convention.

Santa Barbara.—The last Sunday in February was one of the most cheery we have had in recent years. Despite the forebodings of Saturday, due to almost incessant rain, the sun shone forth in beauty and warmth, and a goodly congregation gathered at the morning service. Not a few were strangers, and the speaker was the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Field Secretary of our Church Building Society. He was here at our invitation, and his message was to stir our hearts to more devoted service by calling to mind the constraining love of Christ. After the sermon an appeal was made to the people to master the financial obligations, which as an incubus had been holding our church back from the most efficient service. Twelve hundred dollars was needed to bring us up to March 1st with all obligations cancelled —$500 to C. C. B. S., the balance to the bank and others. Some previous efforts had been made to enlist the interest of leading individuals and with their prompt response, over $1000 was realized at the morning service. The balance was pledged during the afternoon by those not present, so that the entire amount was raised before night and a small nucleus left for a parsonage fund. Altogether the occasion was a happy one, and we rejoice at the encouraging outcome. No doubt other churches are laboring under the same or similar difficulties, and we are glad the denomination has some one on the Pacific Coast, who can be called upon such service. The valuable work of Mr. Wikoff in coming to the assistance of our church at this time is greatly appreciated by our people and we look forward to an opportunity to do a larger work in the future. Would it not be wise in these returning good times for churches to make special effort to free themselves from debt and thus be better fitted to realize the larger Congrgationalism suggested by our National Council.—Geo. H. Greenfield, Pastor.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Bay Association will hold its annual meeting with the Hayward church on Tuesday, March 14, beginning at 10:30 A. M. After the Business Session, at 11:30, Mr. C. M. Bufford will give a paper on "The Bible in the Light of its Origin and History".

In the afternoon the following addresses will be given:

1: "Personality and the Gospel as applied to the Rural Church," by Rev. John Brereton.

2. "Personal Responsibility for Individuality", by Dr. Philip Rice.

3. "Religious Training in the Home," by Rev. Miles B. Fisher.

Lunch will be served by the ladies of the Hayward church, 25 cents per plate. Keep in mind that there will be no evening session, only the forenoon and afternoon. Programs will be sent to all the churches this week.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH COUNCIL OF DISMISSAL.

A council called for the severance of the pastoral relations between the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D. D. LL. D., and the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, met on Thursday February the 24th. President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary was elected moderator and the Rev. E. B. Hart scribe.

The action of the church in voting to accept the resigation was approved and the pastorate was terminated from that date.

A committee consisting of the Revs. F. J. Van Horn, R. C. Brooks and R. Walker was appointed to frame a statement with reference thereto, and its report which was as follows was unanimously adopted:

"In thus placing the seal of approval upon the severance of this pastoral relation of nearly five years we desire to place upon record our appreciation of the splendid personal qualities and of the elements of great leadership so finely exemplified by Dr. Aked during this pastorate. We recognize his high literary attainment, his loyalty to the truth, his high devotion to the best interests of the Church, the city, and the larger interests of the Kingdom.

"We also recognize the steadfast devotion of the Church membership, their hearty cooperation with their pastor in striving to realize the vision they both have gained, their spirit of acquiscence in what they recognize to be the call to a larger service in the interests of world peace—a service for which Dr. Aked seems eminently fitted—and their high courage in facing the future deprived of this inspiring leadership.

"We assure Dr. Aked of the abiding interest of the Churches of this region in his great endeavor in the name of the Prince of Peace. And we assure this Church also of our sympathy with them in their loss, of our desire to be brotherly and helpful and of our confidence in their future which shall be worthy of their splendid past."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A Mohammedan convert to the Christian Religion will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

It is thought that the registration at the Laymen's Missionary meetings in Los Angeles will go considerably above five thousand. It was forty-five hundred last Saturday evening.

The Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve har resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Oneonata Park, Pasadena. The resignation is to take effect the first of July. Dr. and Mrs. Meserve are planning to go East then and to spend some time in that part of the country.

The article, in The Pacific a few weeks ago, entitled "Why

I Am Not a Christian Scientist," by the Rev. Dr. D. F. Fox, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, has been printed in pamphlet form. Copies may be had of Dr. Fox for five cents. His address is 993 North Madison Avenue, Pasadena.

The Rev. H. V. Hartshorn has entered on the pastorate at Prescott, Arizona, having been called to succeed Stephen G. Emerson who passed recently into the other life. Mr. Hartshorn writes from Prescott: "Mr. Emerson did an excellent work here, and in spite of his long illness, and the uncertain condition in which the church found itself, everything is in good shape, and we are looking forward to a very happy time here. The annual meeting was held Wednesday night, and after it an informal reception to Mrs. Hartshorn and myself; and the general feeling seemed to be one of hopefulness. Arizona is in the midst of a great mining revival, and the very atmosphere is filled with the suggestion of "boom times". With copper at 28 cents, this is not an unreasonable feeling. Even after the close of the war there will be an abnormal demand for copper for several years. We ought to have a great harvest time in the church."

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The new building was dedicated last Sunday afternoon. The sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of the First Congregational Church of Oakland; the dedicatory prayer by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Calvary Congregational Church. Other persons participating in the services were: the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond, the Rev. Huber Burr, and E. B. Hart.

Mr. Charnock, the pastor, led the congregation in the reading of the "Act of Dedication."

The auditorium is a beautiful one—one inviting to worship; and all who had part in the construction of the building in its entirety are to be congratulated.

The seating capacity of the auditorium is about one hundred, but there are two small rooms curtained off therefrom for Sunday School purposes which will seat nearly one hundred more.

The auditorium is most tastefully finished and furnished, the beautiful carpet which covers the entire floor harmonizing with the wood-work.

In the rear there is a gymnasium 30 by 50 feet in size and 19 feet high. This will seat 300 persons and will be used frequently for entertainments, the connection in the rear of the pulpit being such that a stage can be formed therefrom. Opening out of the gymnasium there is a kitchen and also a storage room. At one side of the pulpit there is a small room to be used by some Sunday school class; and on the other side a room for the pastor's study.

The San Francisco Church Extension Society furnished the lot on which this building has been erected and the money for the building. The old property, worth from four to five thousand dollars, is held by the Church Extension Society, as well as the new, and the former will be sold and the proceeds used at the new location.

The future was considered in the selection of the site and in construction of this building, and ample room has been left on the corner of the large lot for a large church edifice whenever the needs of the work may demand it. The value of the entire property is $15,000. The building was put up and furnished at a cost of less than $6,000.

The San Francisco Church Extension Society is back of this enterprise—as it should be henceforth back of every work of the kind undertaken by Congregationalists in this city.

The lot was purchased by the Society at the time when Park Church and the Sunset Church (now Plymouth Church) were about to consolidate. That plan was not carried out; and now the lot has been found to fit admirably in a plan to so establish Plymouth Church as to make it thoroughly servicable in the Sunset district.

MINISTERS' WIVES' CLUB.

The Congregational Ministers Wives' Club will meet Tuesday, March 7 with Mrs. Raymond Brooks, 24 Panoramic Way, Berkeley. Bring a picnic lunch and come at eleven o'clock. Take College Ave. car, get off at Bancroft Way and walk toward the hills and up the first flight of steps to Prospect which joins Panoramic Way.

A RECRUDESCENT MARIOLATRY.

W. H. Morse.

Mariolatry, previous to the time when Alphonsus de Leguori wrote his prescriptions for it, was a crude thing; but Mariolatry as it is known at the present day in South America is vastly more raw than it was at that time. The blasphemous and God-dishonoring doctrine, as inculcated by the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and the United States, is shocking and reproachable, but that which is peculiar to the Romanism of Latin America is repulsive and vile. This is not a Protestant indictment alone. As well, it is the estimation held by the Roman Catholics of this country who have come into contact with it, and we are not slow to pronounce it disreputable.

Protestant acquaintance with the Roman Catholic book of devotions which bears the title of "The Glories of Mary," and which was originally written by de Liguori, is limited; but upon acquaintance with it one cannot but be pained at its disgraceful and disgusting character, even though upon its title-page is the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York, the "cordial recommendation" of Cardinal Wiseman, and the "hearty commendation" of Cardinal Manning. From one of the opening pages where we read, "It is the will of God that all graces should come to us by the hand of Mary," to the 570th page, where we read, "She is the universal advocate of all men," the book is replete in that which is sickening. A few selections will satisfy:

"The only hope of sinners." (Page 102.)

"Thou art omnipotent to save sinners." (Page 251.)

"Mary is the whole hope of our salvation." Page 148.)

"It is impossible for any sinner to be saved without the help and favor of the most blesed Virgin." (Page 197.)

"She effected our salvation in common with Christ." (Page 293.)

"No one is save but through thee." Page 143.)

"God has placed the whole price of redemption in the hands of Mary." (Page 85.)

"In vain shall we seek Jesus unless we endeavor to find Him with Mary." (Page 138.)

"All power is given to thee in heaven and on earth, and nothing is impossible to thee." (Page 154.)

"At the command of Mary all obey, even God." (Page 155.)

"We are all God's debtors, but He is a debtor to thee." (Page 252.)

It passes comprehension how any true and intelligent Catholic can subscribe to such doctrines, which are not found in the Bible, and are contrary to Scriptural light. Such, however, is the Roman Catholic faith; but those who share it are shocked with us at the lengths to which the doctrine is carried in the Latin republics. It is the common thing to find, conspicuous over the chancel, "Gloria a Maria!" In the wall of some of the churches, notably the Church of the Campania in Cuzco, is the inscription:

"Come unto Mary, all ye who are burdened and weary with your sins, and she will give you rest."

At Celaya, Mexico, over the main entrance to the church of Maria del Socorro, is the inscription:

"Mary, mother mine, in thee do I hope. Save me from all them that persecute me." (Psalm 7: 2.)

Consult your Bible and read Psalm 7: 2!

It is no uncommon thing to find in churches the inscription:

"Serve Mary with love and rejoice in her with fear. Psalm 2: 12."

Again we read:

"Offer sacrifices of justice, and trust in Mary. Psalm 4: 6."

"Be lifted up, O Mary, above the heavens and try glory above the earth. Psalm 56: 12."

The Psalmist would be astonished at the sentiments attributed to him in these misquotations!

Mary's supreme in the Latin-American church art, and in addition to Madonnas we have Mary holding a bleeding, dead Christ in her lap. She is the central religious figure. Bishop Romero has declared publicly that she "is the center of piety and virtue for all Catholics." Mary, not Jesus! Mariolatry is the religion of the land.

The catechism in vogue in South America prescribes three prayers—the Lord's Prayer, Ave Maria, and La Salve. La Salve is as follows:

"God save thee, Queen and Mother of Mercy, life, sweetness and our hope! God save thee, for to thee we sigh groaning and crying in this vale of tears! Hear, therefore, Lady, our Advocate, and turn to us your merciful eyes! After this exile, show us to Jesus, blessed fruit of your womb! Oh, most clement! Oh, pious one! Oh, sweet ever Virgin Mary! Pray for us Holy Mother of God, that we may be worthy to receive the promise of our Lord Jesus Chist. Amen!"

No wonder our North American Catholics say that this Latin-American Mariolatry is altogether disgraceful, and that they would be ashamed of such treatment of the faith of Rome as obtains in Latin America. No wonder that the Italian immigrants to Brazil and Argentina—as large in number, by the way, as in this country—point at the Saavedra catechism and declare that its "confession" is something they cannot assimilate! That "confession" reads:

"I, a sinner, confess to Almighty God, to the Blessed ever Virgin Mary, to the Blessed Saint Michael Archangel, to the Blessed Saint John Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, Father, that you plead for me with God our Lord. Amen!"

No wonder that while the Italians return to Italy from this country with the Gospel in their hearts and hands, exerting a leavening power, those who return from Latin America are religiously depraved.!

Hartford, Conn.

The Home.

INNOCENCE.

I tower so high above you, little son,
You think me brave and strong and passing wise;
While I, with half life's battles fought and done,
Bow to the glory that around you lies,—
The visions white you brought from Paradise.
My soul soars to your level, spotless one,
Only when on my knees I meet your eyes,—
Not when I tower above you, little son.

—Emily Sargent Lewis.

DOORS ON THE CRACK.

Little Grace leaned wistfully on the screen and looked out. It was ten minutes before nine. Little Girl was very fresh and very pretty, and she had been talking for weeks about what she would do in this great, this momentous "first day of school." But the busy doctor had said that at half-past ten that morning he would see Little Girl, and, school or no school, mother must take her to him.

Meanwhile the mother, driven by the hundred hurrying cares of the household, had sent a note to the teacher, asking her to give Little Girl a seat ,take her name and let her come home.

All this had been done, and Little Girl was back, wistfully looking out of the door. Across all the hurry came a thought into Mother's mind. Something was wrong with Little Girl; she had something more in her heart than she had spoken. Mother stopped and knelt beside her.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" she asked.

And the Little Girl burst into tears. "I went to school, and I gave the teacher the note, and I waited and I waited and all the mothers were there except mine. I was the only little child without a mother."

In just a minute it was all clear, the first great day of school, all the other mothers and Little Girl there alone. The mother glanced at the clock, and then she caught Little Girl's hand and they ran as hard as they could and reached the school in time.

Now who so proud as Little Girl, as she marched to her seat, flashing back sunshiny smiles at Mother, standing in the doorway with "all the other mothers"? That was what she wanted; Mother to see her take her place; Mother to be at the great beginning of things.

Almost had that mother missed something very sweet and very fugitive. The chance to be to Little Girl all that her heart craved was crowded into about three busy minutes, but all her life Little Girl would have remembered that Mother forgot the First Day at School.

It makes one tremble to realize how a momentary self-absorption, a momentary loss of the sense of the relative values of things, a momentary lack of sympathetic insight, will mar the beauty of that relationship of trust and confidence which most of us are striving to perfect between ourselves and our children. And here the child herself offered the clew. She was still open-hearted enough to speak her grievance out and help her mother to comprehension. The difficulty lies in being able to think quickly enough, see keenly enough, move swiftly enough to enter these shyly opened doors into the child's heart. They are quickly shut with some children. The child with a reticent, proud nature seldom makes a second advance. If his doors, which opened

but a tiny crack, are not pushed wide by loving hands, they quietly close again.

With such a child the important years for the cultivation of the close relationship are from four to seven, and during those years the mother needs to watch for every reluctant opportunity, that she may develop the child's sense of freedom with her, his dependence upon her sympathetic understanding—that the latchstring may be always out for Mother.

It is too late to begin at ten or twelve to follow the child. At four, five, seven, the child is willing, nay, eager, to have Mother enter all the little shy places in his life. At ten or twelve the mother must seek the child, lovingly and deliberately, being reconciled to the fact that she must knock and knock again at these doors that used to be just on the crack, with a little wistful face peering through.—Grace Duffield Goodwin.

TACT.

What is the psychological root of the subtle quality known as tact, and is it true that if it is not given to us at our birth, it is impossible to acquire it later? It is not to be reckoned among the moral qualities, for we know that some obviously immoral persons possess a great deal of tact which enables them to do indefinitely more harm than would otherwise be in their power. In fact, so suspicious are we of persons who are in the habit of availing themselves of this gift, whether consciously or unconsciously, in their daily intercourse with their fellow-beings that we are apt to accuse them of insincerity.

This is not a reassuring theory. It throws doubt on the presumption that there is in every one some quality that it is worth while to respect, and reminds us of what Robert Louis Stevenson once said of the practice of telling each person what we think of him. "A delightful plan," he said, "but not calculated to please."

Why should the flat-footed obtain all the credit for virtue and sincerity, and the agreeable friend who forbears to mention our obvious shortcomings be suspected of a lack of moral stamina? Because Richard III is said to have used tact in his baleful wooing of Anne of Warwick, is that any reason why we should resort to the method of his ancestor William, who rolled his Matilda in the mud as a means of ingratiating himself in her favor? Both gentlemen won their brides, but the Conqueror's method would have ben entirely convincing, in spite of his plain dealing. Mr. Rochester tried to imitate him as nearly as circumstances would allow, but Jane Eyre was not a mediaeval princess, and her lover had to be taught manner, not to mention morals, at great cost, before the intrepid little governess gave him her hand.

Tact, indeed, does not seem to be looked at with favor when it comes to wooing—why, it is hard to say, except that as a rule men do not possess the gift in as great a degree as women, and therefore have thought it better in the past to resort to a display of force in one direction or another, to win the heart of the beloved one. Neither method commends itself absolutely as a secure basis for a happy married life.

The difficulty in speaking a good word for the consideration of tact in general intercourse lies in the fact that it is almost impossible to put your finger on it as a real quality. It partakes of all the virtues, but is not a virtue in itself. It is compounded of many simples, but no exact recipe exists for putting them together. It is discredited also by being the tool of the unscrupulous and the rogue, but it does not serve them so well as is supposed, and the real thing is not often at their service. Lies, dissimulation, and flattery are not tact, though they often pass for it in minds obtuse enough to seek to influence others by these means. No plea can be offered for the wrong side of any quality of human nature except the fact that it is the wrong side. No other explanation need be offered, therefore, for the circumstance that many morally objectionable persons have found tact a very efficient help in attaining their ends.

The present contention is that, if some of the virtuous took the same means and the same pains to achieve their more laudable wishes, the millennium would be nearer than it seems to be at present.

But this appears to be difficult of accomplishment, for the reason that one intent on good works is so absorbed by the end to be attained that he thinks little or nothing of the means. If we have made up our minds to do something selfish or shady, we take some pains to clothe its nakedness in as pleasing apparel as he can command, trusting that it will pass muster without attracting too much scrutiny; and when we set out to be beneficent we put on our hobnailed shoes and trample over every obstacle, not noticing whether it is a heart, or a cherished conviction, or only a little harmless prejudice. What harm is done to the cause of virtue and philanthropy by these rough methods only the psychologist can guess, but that they have wrought mischief is evident to any one except a fanatic.

Of course, in order to accomplish anything in the world it does not do to see every side of any matter, for too many pathways confuse the traveler. Emerson has said that if a man wants to accomplish anything in this world he must wear blinders, and blinders limit the vision in all directions save that in which we are going. I am not defending the Jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means, which obviously stultifies the moral sense, but there surely is a middle course between actual deceit and trampling about where angels fear to tread. Insincerity is fatal to the joy of human intercourse, but who among us does not daily pay a tribute to the ideal by uttering sentiments that are better and kinder and often nobler than those upon which we habitually act. Social insincerities are in the main superficial and ephemeral, but they are a somewhat pathetic tribute to the ideal, and sometimes they may be even though verbally false spiritually true. I am not writing an apologia for liars, but it is nevertheless certain that here is a meticulous sincerity that fixes the mind on small issues which actually interfere with its capacity for grasping large ones. Let us seek to be faithful to the large truths, and the smaller ones may be trusted to take care of themselves; which is not so contradictory to the parable of the ten talents as it seems on the surface.

"There is no large and no small
To the soul that seeth all."

All this, however, is but a byway to the original plea that tact is a good creature, and should not be ignored in the race for perfection. But, being a gift, like a talent for painting, or a fine voice, how acquire it if it has not been bestowed upon us by Heaven? What is real tact, and how may we cultivate the use of it in ourselves?

It is a paradoxical business, for the moment we deliberately seek to exercise it, as we strengthen our muscles by giving them play, it loses its finer quality. Tact is a means to an end, and the end is to impose our will on others, whether for good or bad. How can we make people want to do what we desire, without coercion or loss of self-respect,

or even the consciousness that they are being influenced? How can we make our benefactions agreeable, our notions respected, and our will count for something with others, especially those whom we are seeking to help? There are occasions when, like the centurion, it is best to say simply, "Do this," and have no question about it; but these moments need not be very frequent.

The efficacious way is not only again paradoxocal, but platitudinous. We must lose our lives in order to find them. We must forget ourselves, and our philanthropical ends, and our own likes and dislikes, and lose ourselves in trying to find out the likes and dislikes, the notions, the limitations of those we are seeking to influence. Probably they are not very important, often, doubtless, they are not very good; but to ignore them, to trample upon them, or to argue about them is to fail to help in the best way and often to help at all, even though we may leave useful articles by the dozen, and plenty of perfectly sound advice, in our wake.

Imagination and humility are the genuine ingredients of true tact, and when we seek to use the method for small or selfish ends, these two great qualities must at least be imitated to bring successful results.

It is not the humility of Uriah Heep, but that of Socrates, that counts, and not the imagination of the sentimentalist, but of the poet and philosopher, that attains to a sympathetic insight of our brother-man. Our philanthropists are not always free from a kind of restless egotism that too often defeats its own ends; and egotism under many disguises does the best it can to blind the eyes and block the path of humanity. True tact is stifled by it.

All this because, as Deacon Bedott said, "we are all poor critters." In the dictionaries of the Promised Land, the word "tact" will be marked "obsolete."—Isabel Francis Bellows in the Christian Register.

For The Children.

WHY THE WREN FLIES CLOSE TO THE EARTH.

One day, when the birds were all together, one of them said: "I have been watching men, and I saw that they had a king. Let us, too, have a king."

"Why?" asked the others.

"Oh, I do not know, but men have one."

"Which bird shall it be? How shall we choose a king?"

"Let us choose the bird that flies farthest," said one.

"No, the bird that flies most swiftly."

"The most beautiful bird."

"The bird that sings best."

"The strongest bird."

The owl sat a little way off, on a great oak tree. He said nothing, but he looked so wise that all the birds cried, "Let us ask the owl to choose for us."

"The bird that flies highest should be our king," said the owl with a wiser look than before, and the others said, "Yes, we will choose the bird that flies highest."

The wren is very small, but she cried even more eagerly than the others, "Let us choose the bird that flies highest," for she said to herself, "They think the owl is wise, but I am wiser than he, and I know which bird can fly highest."

Then the birds tried their wings. They flew high, high up above the earth, but one by one they had to come back to their homes. It was soon seen which could fly highest, for when all the others had come back, there was the eagle rising higher and higher.

"The eagle is our king," cried the birds on the earth, and the eagle gave a loud cry of happiness. But look! A little bird had been hidden in the feathers on the eagle's back, and when the eagle had gone as high as he could, the wren flew up from his back still higher.

"Now which bird is king?" cried the wren. "The one that flew highest should be king, and I flew highest."

The eagle was displeased, but not a word did he say, and the two birds came down to the earth together.

"I am the king," said the wren, "for I flew higher than the eagle." The other birds did not know which of the two to choose. At last they went to the oak tree and asked the owl. He looked to the east, the west, the south and the north and then said, "The wren did not fly at all, for she was carried on the eagle's back. The eagle is king, for he not only flew highest, but carried the wren on his back."

"Good, good!" cried the other birds. "The owl is the wisest bird that flies. We will do as he says, and the eagle shall be our king." The wren crept away. She thought she was wise before, but now she is really wise, for she always flies close to the earth and never tries to do what she cannot.—From "The Book of Nature Myths," by Florence Holbrook.

THE QUARREL.

An Interesting Sermon for Boys and Girls.

There were once two monks who lived in a nice, dry, comfortable cave, and their names were Brothers Hilarius and Brother Boniface. Most of their time they spent in praising God, and, for the rest, they for the most part smiled all the summer and laughed all the winter. They loved Christ and they loved each other, and such love always makes for happiness. But one day Brother Hilarius got tired of being good. Like certain boys and girls when they have behaved for a long time, he wanted a change. So he remarked to Brother Boniface, "I say, let's be naughty." Brother Boniface looked serious, for he did not half like the idea, but at last he consented, and asked, "How can we manage it?" "Well," said the other monk, "let us have a quarrel. There is nothing worse than a real row." "Yes," went on Brother Boniface, "but what shall we quarrel about?" "Well," came the answer, "I can't pull your hair for you haven't got any. And I can't steal your food, for you always want me to eat yours as well as my own. But I have it! You see that white stone out there? You say it's yours, and I'll say it's mine, and we'll get up a squabble." "All right," said the other monk, "only you might begin, and perhaps," he added, with a smile, "it'll come to a fight." And he clenched his fist behind his back, for when Brother Boniface was a boy at school there had on one occasion been a fight, and— But that is telling.

Brother Hilarius scowled, and looked black and ugly, and Brother Boniface did the same, and neither of them seemed the least like the good kind man he really was. Then Brother Hilarius pointed to a large white stone and said, gruffly, "Understand that stone is mine, and if I catch you sitting on it, or using it for a pillow, I shall crack your bald pate with it." Such fierceness made Brother Boniface jump, and he said with amazement, "I beg your pardon my dear brother." "Don't call me 'dear,'" was the rough reply. "Behave respectfully to your betters. Understand that white

stone is mine. Do you deny it?" At this Brother Boniface could hardly breathe, but he managed to stammer out, "Your stone it is?" "Yes," shouted the other monk, "my stone, and, mind, it belongs to me and I'm going to have it." "Well," faltered Brother Boniface, "of course, it is yours, my dear friend. And if you'll wait a minute I'll find you another, and you can have two." Then they both burst out laughing and Hilarius said: "I suppose we must give it up. It takes two to make a quarrel, and you are such an amiable old rascal that you won't disagree." And they were good and happy ever afterwards.

Who knows the moral to this tale? If you were never to quarrel could the other child ever quarrel with you? And which pleases Jesus Christ the more, the nasty, disagreeable, selfish boy or girl, or the lad or lass who i always good-tempered and amiable? I wonder what Brother Boniface would say?—Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in the British Weekly.

FOOLIN' DADDY.

I like it when my mother goes
Downtown at nights to see
Some friends, or just to look
Into the windows fine, for he,
My daddy, stays at home that night
And tucks me in, and then we pray,
And laugh and talk—en he puts out the light;
En then we're just a startin' for to play.
When mother's here it isn't done that way:
Fer when she tucks me in and says, "Good-night,"
It is "good-night"—no playin' after that;
She hears my prayers, puts out the light
She kisses me, en holds me close; gives me a pat
En goes; you can't fool her—she knows
That you don't really want a drink,
Nor anything—but daddy comes, and shows
Me pictures—for I just make him think
That I'm afraid and just can't go to sleep,
Then in my room he comes and says, "Poor little Peep,
You're lonesome for your mother, dear—
I guess it is too dark in here—
We'll play awhile and then maybe
You'll go to sleep—we'll see—we'll see!"
I'm really not afraid because it's dark;
It's only 'cause my dad's an easy mark.

—W. L. Stidger.

GOLD DUST.

We are all frail, but esteem none more frail than thyself.

Our brightest hopes are often destroyed to prepare for better things.

Try to work a little less from the outside, and a little more from within.—Fenelon.

God is not trusted when we worry.

You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he is willing to climb a little himself.—Andrew Carnegie.

It goes a great way toward making a man faithful to let him know that you think him so.—Seneca.

A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

I wonder how I'd like it,
And I wonder who I'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else
And somebody else was me!
I wonder, I just wonder,
What boy I'd like to be—
Suposing I didn't like him
When I found that he was me!

He does not really believe who does not live according to his belief.

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His Turn Now.—"Are you going to have another garden this year, Mr. Smith?" "No, I ain't!" snapped Mr. Smith. "It ain't my turn. My neighbors are going to have the garden, and I am going to keep chickens."

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